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THE UNEXPECTED.

"It is the amexpected which happens, says the Franch proverb. I like the prov-erb because it is true-and because it is

Edouard Charpentier is my name I am an American by birth, but that is all. From infancy, when I had a French

thy and scheation.

My school is the pleine-aire, and my mas ter, could I but find him, is M. Duchesne, M. Duche the has had pictures in the salon M. Duche the has had pictures in the salon for three years, and pictures elsewhere, eagerly be 2ght, and yet Paris knows not M. Duches be. We know his house, his horse, his arriage, his servants and his garden wall, but he zers no one, speaks to no one. In feed he has left Paris for a time and re-growthin after of

time, and we worship after oil.

I have a a batch by this master which I treasure jeal susiy—a pencil sketch of a great picture set to come. I await it.

M. Duchesn t paints from the model, and A. Duchesia spanned excessively. It is the only way to be firm, accurate, true. Without the model we may have German fantasy or English domesticity, but no

modern French art.
It is hard, too, to get models continually when one is but a student after five years' work, and one's pictures bring france indeed, but not dol lazs.

Still, there is 6 corgettet There, also, we're Emilie and Pauline. But now it is Georg wite, and she is adorable! Tis true she has not much soul, but Factory: then she has a charming body, and 'tis

Georgette and I get on together to admiration. How much better is this than matrimony for an artist! How wise is M.

Antoine is my dearest friend. I paint with him, and we are happy. Georgette is my dearest medel. I paint from her, and

Into this peaceful scene comes a letter from America bringing much emotion. It appears I had a great-track there, in ome northeasts an corner of New England.

And it appears, strangely enough, that this northwater, great-uncle was seized in his old acc with a passion for French art at least I know not how else to account for his hunting one up through a lawyer and leaving me some quarter of a million

An admirable great-uncle! But I must go home and settle the prop-rty. That is imperative. I must leave Paris, I must leave Antoine, I must leave

Could snything be further from Paris than a fown in Vermont? No, not the 110 E Douglas, - Wichita, Kan And could anything be further from

Amoine and George the than the family of prest cousins I find myself among? But one of them-ah, heaven! some forty-seventh cousin, who is so heautiful that I forget she is an American, I forget Paris, I forget Antoine-yes, and even Georgette! Poor Georgette! But this is

This cousin is not like the other cousins I pursue, I inquire, I ascertain.
Her name is Mary D. Greenleaf. I shall call her Marie.

and she comes from Boston. But beyond the pame how can I describe her? I have seen beauty, yes, much leanty, in maid, matron and model, but I never new enything to equal this country girl. What a figure!

No, not a "figure"—the word shames her. She has a body, the hody of a young Diana, and a body and a figure are two very different things. I am an artist, and have lived in Paris, and I know the dif-

The lawyers in Boston can settle that

property, I find.

The air is delightful in northern Vermout in March. There are mountains, clouds, trees, I will point here awhile.

Ah, yes, and I will assist this shy young

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO.

Cousin Marie," my I, "come, let me

"It would be too difficult for you, Mr. W Carpenter-it would take too long me, Marie, nothing can be too long at your

Thanks, Cousin Edward, but I think 1 will not impose on your good nature. Besides, I shall not stay here. I go back to Boston to my nunt. I find the air of Boston is good in March,

and there are places of interest there, and rising American artists who deserve encouragement. I will stay in Boston awhile to assist the lawyers in settling my proper-I visit Marie continually. Am I not a

I talk to her of life, of art, of Paris, of M. Duchesne. I show her my precious

"But," says she, "I am not wholly a wood nymph, as you seem fougly to imagine. I have been to Paris myself with my uncle years since

"Fairest cottain," say I, "if you have not been even to Boston I should still love you! me and see Puris again with me?" And then she would laugh at me and send me away. Ah, yes! I had come even to marsoon found she had the usual woman's

faith in those conventions. I gave her "Artists' Wives." She said she had read She laughed at Daudet and me. I talked to ber of ruined geniuses I had

known myself, but she said a ruined genius was no worse than a ruined woman. One cannot reason with young girls.

Do not believe I succumbed without a

stringle. I even tore myself away and went to New York. It was not far enough I fenr. I soon came back.
She lived with an aunt, an adorable little precision, with a horrible, strong minded gunt, and such a life as I led between them

I call continually. I bury her in flowers. I take her to the theater, aunt and all. And at this the must seemed greatly sur-

prised; but I disapprove of American familiarities. No; my wife—and wife she must be shall be treated with punctilious over was I so laughed at and argued

with in my life as I was laughed at by that | then-that face of fire and roses-and we dreadful beauty and argued with by that

The only rest was in pictures. Marie would look at pictures always, and seemed to have a real appreciation of them, almost an understanding, of a sort. So that I began to hope, dimis and faintly to hope, that she might grow to care for mine. To have a wife who would care for one's art, who would come to one's studio-but then the models! I paint from the model almost entirely, as I said, and I know what women are about models without Daudet

When Baby was suck, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clong to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

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OKS, STATIONERY, nurse; in childhood, when I had a French govern sas; through youth, passed in a Franch school, to manhood, devoted to Franch sut, I have been Franch by sympa-

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stated days, and perlaps in time I might

That I should ever live to commit matri-

I think that girl released me nine times. She always put me off with absurd excuses

and reasons; said I didn't know her yet,

and we should never agree, said I was French and she was American, said I cared

more for art than I did for her! At that I

carnestly assured her that I would become

an organ grinder or a bank clerk rather

She always sent me away, but I always

After about a month of this forture

chanced to find her one soft. May twiligh

without the sunt, sitting by a window in

She had flowers in her hand-flowers I

I came in quietly, and stood watching in

a rapture of bope and admiration, and while I watched I saw a great pearl tear

I sprang forward, I knelt beside her, 1

raught her hands in mine, I drew her to me, I cried exultantly: "You love mo!

Even then she would have put me from

ret; that she ought to tell me. But I held

her close and kissed away her words, and

said: "You love me, perfect one, and I love

Then she laid her white hands on my

"I believe that is true," said she, "and I

will marry you, Edward."

She dropped her face on my shoulder

week was heaven and the second was hell!

Oh, my God! my wife! That young Diana to

be, but— I have borne it a week. I have feared and despised myself. I have suspected and bated myself. I have discovered and cursed myself. Aye, and cursed

It is now 3 o'clock. I cannot kill him

her and him, whom this day I shall kill!

until 4, for he comes not till then.

Let me think.

telt it herself?

shoulders and looked deep into my eyes.

her. She impleted that I did not know her

roll down among my violets.

And I-ah, God, how I love you!

you. The rest will be right."

had sent her—and sat looking down at them, her strong pure profile clear against

than loss her, and then she seemed down-

right angry and sent me away again.

Women are strangely incom

the fragrant dusk

the saffron sky.

That was enough

But fate rules all men.

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E. VAIL & CO., WATCHES, JEWELRY,

that door? To rise and rise, and do great

Black! Is that a step on the stair? Not

better artist than I, and a better man,

and the money will widen and lighten a

And little Georgette is provided for. How long ago, how faint and weak, that

seems! But Georgette loved me, I believe, at least for a time, longer than a week.

s' I believe she can do everything? To walt—to think—to remember.

with the sun through it! And she would smile so! 'Tis not that I must remember.

Am I sure! Sure! I laugh at myself.

A young woman steals from her house

alone every day and comes privately

I say to her gently, "What do you de

you?" So she would soothe me to appear

Lessons? Oh, perjured ones! There is no tenant of that room but yourself, and

to it he comes each day.

Is that a step? Not yet. I watch and

wait. This is America, I say, not France.

This is my wife. I will trust her. But the

I cannot bear it. I go to the door. I

God! The hat and clouk of the man upon

I did not go home last night. I am here

That is a step. Yes! Softly, now. He

handsome bandsome as a fiend.

tells me nothing.

might be watehed.

It is but two months time from them I say, "Cannot I feach you!" and she have been married a fortnight. The first week was been and the according to the suppose and the says, "I have a teacher I used to study with. I must finish; I want to surprise

First, to hill him. That is simple and man comes every day. He is young. He is

Shall I will her?

If she lived could I eyer see her again! knock. There is no response. I try the eyer touch that hand, those lips—that door. It is locked. I stoop and look within two weeks of marriage— No, she

shall die! God! The hat and clouk of the man upon And if she lived what would be before a chair, and then only a tall screen. Be

Could I live to forret her? To carry has some in. I heard her speak. She said:

her but more shame, and more, till she hind that screen, low voices

with your days, my love!"

studying art to please you.

room. I wast and I see.

ave been married a fortnight.

Never! I cannot forcet her!

Better die wich her, even now

–L. M. COX,——

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To think-I have thought; it is all ar-Manufacturer Of, and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Trunks, Valises, Satchels, Shawl and Trunk These pistois that she admired but day be fore yesteriay, that we practised with to-rether, both loaded full. What a shot she Straps, Pocket Books, Willow Ware, Etc.

125 W. Douglas Ave.

their clothes

I knew her a week, woodd her a month, She always said I didn't know her. She

was always on the point of telling me omething and I would not let her. She Let me give them a little time. ed half repentant, half in jest. I pre-New-softly-I come, friends. I am not ferred to trust her. Those clear, brown eyes, clear and bright, like brook water

Across the narrow passage I steal noise lessly. The door is unlocked this time. I only way, don't y' know, There stands my young wife, pale, trem-

What would you call it-you, any man! There is the handsome Guillaume bealone every the this place, this den cloaked and veiled, to this place, this den gors. There is a sharp double report gors. There is a sharp double report Guillaume tumbles ever, howling, and

Marie flings berself between us. "Edward! One moment! Give me a mo She goes to this room day after day and ment for my life! The pistols are harmless dear-black cartridges. I fixed them my "Oh, many things," she answers, "I am spoiled my surprise; I shall have to tel u now. This is my studio, love. Here was ingenious. She knew she is the picture you have the sketch of. I am 'M. Duchesne'-Mary Duchesne Green-

leaf Carpenter-and this is my model?" We are very happy in Paris with our double studio. We sometimes share our models. We laugh at M. Daudet.-Char-But I watch and follow, I take this little Washington otte Perkins Stetson in Kate Field's

> The Rhyme and the Besson, Gussie (displaying engagement ring)-Oh! darling, and after it was all arranged he kiased me

Father-Did that game of checkers you played with Mr. Slewtopop last night Lucy-Yes, but in trying to make the same arrangement he missed me. - Boston Not Sentimental.

Why does thou gaze so pensively, O unident o'er the sea! Does youder ship with mony sails A lover bring to thes? Why, no " the said; her tones were nurt; That ressel carries freight, And if I'm pensive the because

My buggenge is so inte."

-P. McArthur in Munney's Weakly.

A Common Robbery.

amount to anything?
Daughter [blushing]—Yes, dear father, it resulted in a tie.—Philadelphia Times.

day, and I suppose you'll be there to twit

They Will Marry.

Old Philosopher (reprovingly)-I see

rags and tatters, but his clothes are ter-

profound Greek and Latin scholar.

to change my opinion of you."

me about it.-Judge.

De Dude-Yaas; he looks it.-Life.

Ingersoll and Van Voorhia

There's one alluring form of theft Which steaks what no one misses: Although in ruthless rurin deft You cannot take more than is left, When plundered of her kieger

HIS FIRST CASE.

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A Tale of the Bluograss Country, a Bill and Other Things. There lives in one of the finest counties of Kentucky an aristocratic old gentle-man, who, though brave at a time of physical trouble, has never succeeded in ammoning sufficient courage to shove him into the recklessness of paying a debt. Once the colonel was in debt to a grocer

that lived in a neighboring village. He must have been a new comer, for none of the "old-timers" would trust the old gentleman. One morning, just after the colonel had sat down on the gallery to smoke, the grocer came to the gate and former who at various public enterthin-shouted "Halloa!" ments has shown her ability to walk beed downward. Her apparently mirrorators feat, according to The Scientific American

"Get down and come right in, suh," the colonel called, getting up and cordially advancing to meet the visitor. "I am delighted to see you this bright "I am delighted to see you this bright board twenty-four and one-half fact long to move the grocer into the house.
"You don't know me, I reckon," the surface of the board is painted and is morning," said the host when he had shown the grocer into the house.

Nos. 119 and 121 Main Street, - - - Wichita, Kansas. grocer responded, giving the old man a peculiar look out of his keen eyes of the board is painted and is grocer responded, giving the old man a smooth and polished. The performer, who is known, is equipped with purpose of the board is painted and is grocer responded, giving the old man a smooth and polished. The performer, who is known, is equipped with purpose. Sitting in the trapese with her face to the audicuce, she draws herself upward by the arms and raises her feet until

"You bet. Did you get that bill—or, rather, them twenty bills—I sent you?"

"I presume so, but I cannot say positively who sent them. I get so many favors of the kind that I hardly know whence they come."

"I have been a sent them that I hardly know the beard that the beard selection is length, she gradually walks the kenth of the beard selection." Wholesale Grain and Commission Merchants. whence they come."

> "I'm a man of business an' I want my The quickest, strongest and purest Dry Hop Yeast on the market. Will money without any palarverin'. Do you keep a year in any climate.
> Price, 5 cents per package of 7 cakes
> For sale by all wholesale and retail understand?" "Perfectly, suh, and I cannot blame

> you. Business cannot be operated with-Manufactured by Corner & Farnum factory Jorner Kellogg and Mosley Avenues. out money." "But are you goin' to pay me? "I can't pay you now."

"When can you?" "Let's see; this is the 10th of the month, ain't it?" "That's what it is."

"Ah, ha! and to-morrow will be the "That's the size of it."

"Well, you come round between the 150 N Market St., Wichita, Kan 11th and the first of next month." "Will you pay me then?"
"No, I don't think I shall." CHAS. LAWRENCE,

"Then what's the use of my comin"?" "None that I can see." "Not much. What I want is my

money, and I'm goin' to have it or know the reason why.'

"I don't mind giving you the reason. The reason appears to be that you'll not get the money. Now look here: I have always made it a point to look with fa vor on the methods of life established by other men. You have your rules, and I have mine, but because our rules differ it is no reason for us to fall out. One of your rules is to collect every cent that is due you. All right. One of my rules is not to pay a cent. All right." "No, it's not all right; you bet your life it ain't. You've simply got to pony

By the way, let me give you a piece of advice with regard to that bill.

114 N Main St., - Wichita, Kan "Well, then, sue me." "I'll do it; you bet your life on that." The grocer brought suit. The colonel

WICHITA STEAM LAUNDRY. promptly appeared. The case went to Makes a specialty of doing work for trial and the grocer got judgment for \$7 outside towns and cities. Agents wanted everywhere. Write for terms. "I want my money now," said the

"And I want mine," the colonel re-

"Yours! I don't owe you anything." "Oh, yes. You see," the old man added. "the courts many years ago granted me beense as a lawyer, and I'll be hanged if you haven't given me my first case.

"Why, I haven't given you a case." "Oh, yes. I advised you to sue me and you did so. My fee is \$10."

"Mr. Billings," said the judge (and he also owed the grocer), "you will have to He did so, closed his store, shot the

judge's cow and ran away.—Arkansaw Traveler. Supposing a Case.

"It seems to be a perfectly clear case against you," said the reporter. "Why not make a clean breast of it and let me publish your confession? "Confession!" exclaimed the indignant

prisoner. "I have nothing to confess. I am an innocent man sir! But if-ifpay me fur it?"-Chicago Tribune.

"No, thank you," she said as her partner offered her the sausage, "I do not eat it for old memory's sake." "Ah! somebody in a railroad accident?" asked the sympathetic Bixby.

yesterday."-Philadelphia Press. An Honest Man. Bronson-I suppose I may as well charge up that \$25 you owe me to profit

sition when informed that she would have to crass besens to America. A rich hus band awaited her hers, and the society of many happy maidens who had gone before. Of this she was assured, and she con-fidingly trusted herself to the guidance of a Chinaman designated by the mandarin who first broached the subject to her. After a long ride on a sing, during which "No, but my darling little Fide died Yet Wah was very sick, she arrived in San Francisco harbor. There were two days' delay, and then she was taken to Chinatown and placed to charge of a family, She was taken before a "white mandarin" after leaving the ship, and answered a few questions according to the instructions of her companion. Instead of getting a rich Brokeley-My dear sir, I am a man of husband she was forced to lead a miserable mer. I will pay you that money, sir, existence until the hour when she was I have to steal it - Munsey's Weekly. rescued.

> The Clothes Pin is the finishing touch in washing. A fine piece of linen is hung over the line; the clothes pin is jammed down to hold it; the wind blows and a constant wrenching is going on until the article is taken down. A hole appears where the clothes pin was. It is difficult to see how

you are going to get rid of the clothes pin; but there are things which make more holes than clothes pins; for instance, the rubbing up and down on a board-a necessity when an article is washed with common soap-will rub more holes into fine clothes or coarse, than can ever be charged to clothes pins. There

Use Pearline.

You do not have to rub your clothes; soak them, boil them, rinse them, and the job is done. They will be cleaner, sweeter, whiter in half the time; colors will be brighter, flannels softer, and you

have gotten rid of half the labor. PEARLINE costs no more than corion soap. Millions of women are using it. Have conbuy enough PEARLINE to prove to you that every mord we say is true, and if true, a great many times five cents would

Beware of poidled initations - Pearline is never peddled. 160 JAMES PVLE, New York.



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WALKING ON THE CEILING.

Performance That Has Encited Much

Astonishment of Late.

Recently a good deal of interest has at-tached to the achievement of a female per-

is easily explained. In order to procure a perfectly smooth surface to walk on a

the length of the heard backward. She then slowly turns round, faking very short

steps while turning, and eventually re-turns, still walking backward. This closes

the performance.

The altochment to the shee is in general

terms an India rubber sucker with cup shaped adhering surface. It is a disk #4 inches in diameter and % inch thick. To its center a stud is attached, which is per-

forsted near the end. This stud enters a socket fastened to the sale of the above.

The socket is also perforated transversely.

A pin is passed through the apertures, se-curing the hold between socket and disk.

The socket is under the instep and is st-tached to the shank of the above sola.

A wire loop that extends forward under the toe of the shoe is pivoted on two studs,

which are secured on each end of the trans-verse central diameter of the disk. This

and pressing against the shoe sole by a spring. One end of the loop projects back toward and over the rear edge of the disk.

op is normally held away from the disk

Nervous ILLS.

A short piece of string is scenred to the India rabber and peases through a hole in the extension or rearwardly projecting arm of the loop. The disk when pressed against a smooth surface is held fast by the pressure of the atmosphere. If now the loop is pressed towned the surface to which it adheres the string will be drawn tight and will pull the edge of the India in, and the adhesion will occurs. As each new step is taken our disk is made to ad-here by pressure, and the other is detached by the action just described,

Easily Smuggled from Chins. Yet Wah, a Chinese girl recently rescued from a degrading life by some good people of Sacramento, Cal., tells a tale which illustrates the case with which Mongolians are smuggied into the United States despite the restrictive laws. She is a British sub-ject, she says, having been born in Hong Kong nearly twenty-one years ago. Her parents died and left her an orphan at the of 10 years, and she lived a life of direry as a house servant until what, in the Chinese calendar, corresponds with September of last year. Then a high toned hineman seked her if she did not want to s'posin' I did have a confession to make, marry. This was the aim of her life, and what's the best figger your paper would she readily consented, and offered no opportunity

